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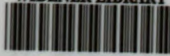
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Flos Sanctorum

A Calendar of Saints in Verse

By

M. Bowen

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THE AUTHOR

Flos Sanctorum

A Calendar of Saints in Verse

By

M. Bowen



The Knickerbocker Press

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1920

AL 967.5.75



The Author

Foreword

This Calendar, or Birthday-Book, gives all the Saints retained in the English Prayer-Book, and also some of the greatest saints in the Breviary, and some who are less known. A complete portrait or history is not attempted in every case. Sometimes the English Calendar celebrates a saint on a different day from the Roman Calendar. The title of this collection is taken from Ribadaneira's, and the authorities consulted are Alban Butler and Mrs. Jameson. The writer hopes that the worth of the story, and the amount of history involved, will atone for the present inadequate manner of telling this rhymed chronicle of noble deeds. It is a small attempt to supply the want of which Dr. Martineau speaks when he says: "We lost the true notion of human culture when we threw away the 'lives of the saints' . . . until they be rewritten, and be made the manual and favorites of the cottage and the school, all our education will multiply the force without greatly mending the character of our society. The soul grows godlike . . . by its uplifted look at thought and goodness greater than its own."

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Flos Sanctorum

A Calendar of Saints in Verse

JAN. 1

Circumcision

Circumcise our hearts, we pray!
Drive each carnal wish away,
Let Thy benediction pour
Over all who Thee adore

JAN. 6

Epiphany

The Magi came with costly gifts,
Rich presents for their King,
And laid them where poor shepherds laid
All that they had to bring:

A lamb, a kid, a pair of doves,
Of eggs a half a score,
The Holy Child smiled on them all,
He knew the love they bore.

JAN. 6

Jeanne d'Arc

(1412)

Oh, youthful peasant-maid,
Shepherdess, warrior, saint!
Like Britomart, arrayed
For fight, thou didst not faint.

Enduring to the end,
Thou didst thy country save,
Imprisoned, with no friend,
Found rest in fiery grave.

True to the Saints' behest,
Frank, modest, simple, brave,
Noblest of all and best,
Thy life was lost to save.

JAN. 8

S. Lucian

In the third century, St. Lucian came
From Rome to Gaul, to spread the Gospel flame,
And at Beauvais was martyred for Christ's name.
To those that sat in darkness he brought light,
To tame their savage minds with heavenly might.
But they who would not listen beat him down,
And gave him painful death, and martyr's crown.

JAN. 13

S. Hilary

(368)

Bishop of Poitiers, in the land of France,
Was Hilary. 'Gainst Arian advance
He hurled his treatises like sword and lance.
Banished to Phrygia, there he made them feel
The hammering blows of his relentless steel,
Until they begged the Emperor to send
Back to the West this fighter who could spend
Such strength and power and wisdom to defend
The faith, and so bear witness to the end.
The valiant bishop in his Poitiers died,
Where he was born, his city's boast and pride.

JAN. 17

S. Antony. A.

(356)

In the desert, Antony
Lived to work and pray.
Wicked thoughts and foul assailed him,
Dreadful shapes by night and day.
But their terrors nought availed them,
He could always fast and pray.

Every demon fled away,
Though they tore him sore,
Soon there came a heavenly ray,
Fear and torment o'er,
And he heard his Master say:
"I stood by thee all the night,
And beheld thy manful fight."

In the lonely, lovely desert,
All alone with God,
Sky and space above, around him,
Sand in place of sod,
Stillness, freshness, from the cities
Distant many a rod.

Cheerful was S. Antony,
Humble as a child.
When they called him ignorant,
Then he only smiled,
Saying Nature was his book,
Learning was but Reason's child.

Never ill and never feeble,
To a great old age
There he lived, and there he ended
All his earthly pilgrimage,
In the desert he was buried,
First and last his hermitage.

JAN. 18

S. Prisca. Virg. and M.

(about 275)

Lo! behold the young-girl-martyrs,
Passing lightly up the stair,
Leaving catacombs and prisons
For the great arena, where
For their blessed Lord and Saviour
They could joyful witness bear!

Earthly terrors did not fright them,
Torture could not them appal;
These the Lord had suffered for them,
Now they heard His accents call,
Arms of love He held to take them,
Love encircling each and all.

He would strengthen, He would help them,
In a moment all was past,
Earth and shows and dreams had vanished,
On the altar they were cast,
Purest life-blood meekly shedding,
Lambs of sacrifice at last.

They redeemed their Roman city,
Helped to save it for the Lord
From its blasphemy and idols,
From its crimes their souls abhorred.
And they met their death like victors,
Conquering without the sword.

JAN. 20

S. Fabian. Bp. and M. (250)

Clergy and people in assembly met
To choose a Pope to govern them. While yet
Debate was high, in at the window flew
A swift-winged dove, and settled on the head
Of Fabian, a stranger no one knew:
But lately into Rome he had been led.
The sign was joyfully received by all,
And Fabian was chosen. Sixteen years
He ruled the Roman Church, and into Gaul
He sent St. Denis and his other peers.
When smouldering persecution fiercer grew
Under the emperor Decius, Fabian died
A glorious martyr, and his Church's pride.

JAN. 21

S. Agnes. Virg. and M.

304 or 305 (Acts not authentic, R. C.)

O Agnes, little lamb! what mighty power
Descends, God-given, in the darkest hour
To help sweet innocence that, undismayed,
Lifts eyes of trust to see the coming aid.
In last extremity, when hope seems o'er,
The angel Death will open wide the door,
And, like a bird from out the fowler's snare,
The soul escapes to God and heaven's air.

JAN. 22

S. Vincent. D. and M. (304)

Vincent, a youthful Spanish deacon, passed
Through tortures, firm in faith, to heaven at last.
Gladly he died, rejoicing to be thought
Worthy to suffer with the Lord who brought
Salvation to each soul His mercy sought.

JAN. 25

Conversion of St. Paul

Saul, the fiery persecutor,
Journeying to Damascus came,
Breathing slaughter and defiance,
In the Temple's cause aflame.
Suddenly a light from Heaven
Put the noonday sun to shame.

Blinded, dazzled, all confounded,
Hiding face and eyes, he fell.
While the heavenly vision lasted,
Fear and wonder none could tell,
Joy and sorrow and contrition
Entered in his heart to dwell.

Stephen's death and all forgiven,
All the suffering by his hand,
Now the saints look down from heaven,
Joy to count him of their band,
Watch his fiery soul, made tender,
Follow on his Lord's command.

JAN. 26

S. Polycarp. B. M. (166)

Before the Roman judge they brought him,
Smyrna's old bishop, Polycarp,
There to abjure they all besought him,
And threatened him with torture sharp.
"BlaspHEME your Christ," they said, "and live;
Or die in flames. The choice we give."

"Threescore and six years I have served Him,"
The bishop answered firm, "And He
No harm, but ever good has done me,
And shall I now blasphemER be?
BlaspHEME my King and Master! No.
To flames and death I joyful go."

JAN. 27

S. Chrysostom. B.C. (407)

They called him Golden Mouth, and he excelled
In honied eloquence and sweet discourse,
They fabled that a swarm of bees upheld
Around his childish lips a full concourse,
As it was told in Greece of Plato great,
Philosopher of mightiest estate.

They said the Virgin Mother kissed his mouth,
And left a golden ring in evidence,
That breathed a fragrance from the sunny south,
And shed a light that dazzled every sense.
His words, his tones, could enter every heart,
And joy and sorrow, as he wished, impart.

FEB. 1

S. Bridget of Ireland

(6th century)

"Bridget, daughter, go and milk,"
So her mother cried.
"All our butter must be made
On the morrow-tide."

Bridget was a princess fair
In the Ulster land,
Black as raven was her hair,
White as snow her hand.

Bridget laid her work aside,
Girded up her gown,
Went, with maidens all beside,
To the pasture brown.

Soon the pails were brimming full,
Then did Bridget say:
"See the cabins there below,
Where poor children stay.

"I will give them all I have,
Till their hungry cry
Changes into joy,—for they
Need it more than I.

"I will pray the Lord above
To increase our store,
Till the butter comes for us
Twice as much and more."

Bridget left her castle hall,
Built a little cell
Far away beneath an oak,
All alone to dwell.

There she prayed for all the land,
While the grateful poor

Begged for bread and milk for her,
Left them at her door.

When in death she passed away,
She was buried there,
There in time they built a town,
Called its name Kildare.

FEB. 2

Purification

With a coal from off Thine altar
Purify our lips and heart,
In temptation not to falter,
Nor from Thy safe way depart.

FEB. 3

St. Blasius. B. and M. (316)

St. Blaise, Sebaste's bishop, fled away
In Diocletian's persecution fierce,
And in a mountain cave he made his stay,
Where all his praise and prayers he would
rehearse
In piety and gentleness each day.
The wild beasts clustered round in lowly form,
And came to wait his blessing every morn.

If any one were hurt, the good St. Blaise
Would wash and bind the wound, and ease the
pain;
He shared with them his food and drink, to
assuage
Their hunger, and their courage to maintain.
He would caress, and on them kindly gaze,
And oft rebuke their ravening gluttony,
Their fierceness wild, and all their cruelty.

The hunters came to seek for savage beasts
To serve the dreadful gladiator game.

They stood astonished when they saw the feasts
Of love St. Blaise had spread to make them
tame.

They bore him off to earn a martyr's name.
They captured easily each gentle beast,
And all their happy life was spent and ceased.

FEB. 5

St. Agatha. V. and M. (251)

One of the noble army
Of martyrs clad in white,
One of the lily-garden
Of maids and virgins bright,
Through suffering and sorrow
Agatha joyful passed,
Bearing her palm of triumph,
To walk in light at last.

FEB. 6

S. Dorothea. V. M.

They led fair Dorothea forth to die,
Theophilus, a lawyer, standing by,
With mocking laugh and jest, said: "Goest thou,
Fair maid, to join thy bridegroom? Send me now
Some of those same celestial fruits and flowers
Thou saidst were growing in his heavenly
bowers."

She bent her head, consenting, and passed on.
A little after, as he stood alone,
A laugh still on his lips, his comrades gone,
There came a beauteous boy, who smiling bore
A little basket filled with wondrous store,
Three apples and three roses fresh and sweet.
He laid the basket at the lawyer's feet,
Said: "Dorothea sends you these," and vanished.
Theophilus stood silent, laughter banished.
Then, falling on his knees, he hid his face,
Seeking Heaven's pardon for his sinful case.

FEB. 8

S. Cuthman

(about 8th century)

St. Cuthman kept his father's sheep,
And pondered in his heart,
Amid the summer silence deep,
From all the world apart.

He thought of God in heaven above,
And of the Shepherd Good,
Who led His sheep with tender love
Through hill and dale and wood.

St. Cuthman built a cottage small
To shield his mother's eld;
With his own hands he made it all,
While love his bosom swelled.

And then he built a church beside,
Alone he worked and prayed,
Dug the foundations deep and wide,
And labored undismayed.

The neighbors came to help at last,
And worked with heart and hand,
Till a small Church of white rough-cast
Rose up on Saxon land.

And there a priest sang mass at morn,
And every holy day
The bell rang out o'er field and farm
To drive all ill away.

FEB. 11

S. Gobnet

She was a sea-king's daughter,
And he a pirate bold.
He joyed in blood and slaughter
And rapine manifold.

No mother and no sister
She had, and so was sent,
As no one would have missed her,
Where'er her father went.

Gobnet her name,—in English
They called it Abby then.
She made a ray of sunlight
Among the swarthy men.

She left the ship one morning,
Within a wood to stray.
An angel came in warning,
And bade her haste away.

He bade her leave her father,
And give her life to God,
Flee far away, and rest not,
Until she pass dry-shod

Over a running river,
And find nine milk-white deer.
She rose up at the bidding,
Nor longer stayed to hear.

Within a mountain pasture
Three snowy deer she found.
She petted them and fondled,
Then passed beyond their bound.

She hastened further onward,
And soon she saw six more.
With these she made close friendship,
And grieved to leave them sore.

But on she went, obedient
To what the angel said,
Till she nine deer discovered,
Close-couched by river-bed.

She made her dwelling with them,
Like sisters they abode,
Among them she was buried,
When her soul went to God.

FEB. 14

S. Valentine

(3d century—about 270)

It was a Roman custom, boys should draw
The names of girls to be their happy mates
In February, and the Christian law
That wisely gathers up and consecrates
Whate'er it finds, transforming all to good,
So ordered that it should be understood
This custom still continued in the name
Of Valentine, young priest of martyred fame.
His festival falls in that time of spring
When little birds begin to mate and sing;
And all by whom troth-plight is taken and given,
Choose him for patron here and eke in heaven.

FEB. 18

S. Leo's Prayer

(Aged martyr in Lycia, 3d century)

O God, I thank Thee that Thou hast not long
Kept me from Paregorius, my friend,
For we are both Thy servants and belong
To Thee, the Source of all things and the End.
I thank Thee for this suffering and pain,
For all that has befallen me, to serve
As expiation for my sins, and gain
Of martyrdom, far more than I deserve.
O Thou that dost not will the sinner's death,
But his repentance, grant these sinful men
To come to know Thee and Thy Spirit's breath,
And so find pardon. For Christ's sake. Amen.

FEB. 25

S. Matthias

Chosen to fill the vacant place,
Meekly he took the allotted grace.

FEB. 26

S. Victor of Arcis

(Hermit. 7th century)

They who live in joy in heaven,
They forget not us on earth,
Heaven is not a place to harden
Any heart with selfish mirth.
Angels run to our assistance,
Though they now their Father see,
And shall those who lived among us
Straight forget our misery?
No, the saints are ever mindful
Of their fellow-captives' share,
Have not donned the stole of glory
For themselves alone to care.
Once on earth they lived and suffered
What they see us now endure,
And they do not lose their pity
Nor their memory, be sure.
So St. Bernard preached of Victor,
Hermit of Arcis near Troyes,
Centuries ago he conquered
All the world, for heavenly joy.

MARCH 1

S. David. Abp. (about 544)

Son of Welsh prince, he ruled his people well,
Good priest and bishop, founding, as men tell,
Full many monasteries, where they might
Sing praises to their God both day and night.
St. Austin says: "The blessings that we pour
To God, He sends us back, increased much
more."

MARCH 2

S. Chad. Bishop (A. D. 659)

There were two brothers once, who had been bred
In Cuthbert's monastery, and the King,
England's great Ethelbald, desired that Cedd,
The eldest brother, should take land and bring
Some desolate place to bloom with grass and
corn;

And so was Lastingham, the priory, born.

Cedd died of plague, when many years had
passed,

And Chad, the younger brother, in his stead,
Was made the abbot, and was chosen at last,
As he was modest, virtuous, and well-read
In Holy Scripture, bishop over wide
Northumberland, and Mercia's land beside.

True bishop, he sought out the poor that lurked
In lowest place, to comfort and to teach;
He built his Church in Lichfield, and he worked
Unceasingly the Gospel news to preach.
In thunderstorms the Church he always sought,
And prayed there prostrate, having in his thought
The Day of Judgment, and the Heavenly court.

After two years, a vision came to him.

He saw his brother Cedd, encompassed round
With blessed angels. Music seemed to swim
Above the oratory, and the sound
Ascended upwards, as Cedd called him home
To God, and then Chad knew his hour had come.

MARCH 7

S. Perpetua. M. (203)

Perpetua of Carthage, of good race,
Wedded, with babe in arms, full of all grace,
Was with seven other Christians doomed to die,
Cast to the beasts under the theatre's sky.

Before the procurator she was drawn,
And told to sacrifice at coming dawn.
She said, "I will not do it." "Then," he cried,
"You are a Christian," and she swift replied,
"I am," and passed to prison joyfully.
But just at first the darkness made her start,
And grief for her poor infant tore her heart.
Then visions came to comfort her. She crossed
The great arena, and was fiercely tossed
By a wild ox, and left upon the ground.
She gathered her torn garments, and upbound
Her hair, and raised her comrade. Then away
They both were led, to die at end of day,
To gladiator's sword an easy prey.

MARCH 12

S. Gregory. Bishop

Thou didst pity English boys,
Sold for slaves in Roman mart;
Thou wast Pope by people's choice,
Great of mind and great of heart;
Great of race and great of name,
Dwelling on the Coelian mount,
Gregory, thy wondrous fame
Men with praises still recount.

MARCH 15

S. Abraham (about 360)

The hermit Abraham was sent
To preach to infidels,
Within Edessa's diocese,
Where the worst idol dwells.

They would not hear him, yet he still
Endured abuse and fears,
Returning oft to pray and weep
For three long weary years.

At last he had baptized them all,
And when more priests had come,
He hastened back to desert cell,
His paradise and home.

“The angels carry Heaven about,
Wherever they may be,
Because they never leave their God,
Nor cease His face to see.

“In His immensity they dwell,
In Him they live and move,
And exercise their ministry
In the temple of His love.”

So writes St. Gregory the Great,
And so this hermit found;
His desert was a paradise,
Since God was all around.

MARCH 17

S. Patrick

(464)

Patrick, born in Scottish burg,
Stolen when he was a boy,
Sold as slave in Irish land,
Kept the herds for his employ.

Longing fired his boyish heart
To convert the pleasant land,
Soon he fled across the sea,
Wandered far on many a strand.

When he came again at last,
Thousands he converted there,
In the Holy Wells baptized,
Whither they would oft repair.

Pagan gods and pagan rites,
All the subtle serpent brood,
Patrick drove them far away,
Filled their place with various good.

Blessed Patrick, pray for us,
Pray for thy distracted land,
Peace and order, may they reign
Everywhere by Heaven's command.

MARCH 18

S. Edward. King of W. Saxons (979)

Edward, the youthful king of England, came
To Castle Corfe, to greet his proud step-dame.
He was all hot and weary from the chase.
Out to the gate she came. To do her grace
He stooped, and she a stirrup-cup did raise.
Then, stealing from behind, at her command,
While the young king bent low above her hand,
A servant stabbed him. Rearing high, his horse
Rushed off at speed, and dragged him in its
course.

Pure and devout, compassionate and kind
To all the poor, the boy-king left behind
A fragrant memory. Long did they tell
How young King Edward loved his people well.

MARCH 19

S. Joseph

How sweet and fragrant through the open door
Of every little shop in Nazareth
Where carpenters bend down their benches o'er,
Comes wafted on each breeze the cedar-breath!

Here Joseph lived and labored, and the Christ,
His foster-child, worked at the self-same trade,
Plying the plane and saw, while love sufficed,
And the small room a heavenly place was
made.

Son of the carpenter! great Son of God!
Make us to work like Thee with heart and hand,
Till every task become, in each abode,
A fragrant sacrifice at Thy command.

Fashion our hearts, like the obedient wood,
To follow every motion of Thy hand;
Oh, make us into instruments of good,
To do Thy pleasure in our native land.

MARCH 21

S. Benedict. Ab. (543)

O blessed Benedict, of noble name,
Who carried blessing wheresoe'er you came!
Early from world too vile you fled away,
To desert mountain for three years to pray,
Then founded there a monastery, first
Of all the countless ones that flowered and burst
From the great Rule his wondrous wisdom drew,
Salting the earth, treasuring old and new,
Fostering learning, making deserts bloom,
Giving the poor and persecuted help and room,
A shelter from barbarian war and strife,
And wickedness in highest places rife.
They kept the lamp of learning clear and bright,
And prayed and worked, and made Dark Ages
light.

MARCH 25

Annunciation

A heavenly messenger was sent to earth
To bring glad tidings of Messiah's birth.
He came to announce the advent of the Lord
To one pure heart that trembled at his word.
Long had the waiting nations wept and sighed,
And now, as quiet as the morning-tide,
The day of their deliverance drew nigh,
And found but few who watched the brightening
sky.

APRIL 3

S. Richard. Bp. (1253)

In every place was English Richard found
Faithful and wise within his daily round.
He rose from post to higher post; at first
Managed his brother's farms, then quenched his
thirst

For study at the fount of Oxford town,
And travelled far to wear his cap and gown
At the Sorbonne and at Bologna. Home
Returning, straight they raised him to the room
Of chancellor, then bishop. Now he spent
His all, and when his steward loud complained,
Said: "Sell my plate and horse," and so obtained
More for his alms. Sternly to punish crime
He knew, and tenderly at every time
To receive penitents. At last he died
In hospital on Dover's white hillside.

APRIL 4

S. Ambrose. B. (397)

The Emperor Theodosius and his train
Came to the Church in Milan. His great reign
Stretched from Ravenna west and south again.
In the high entrance the Archbishop stood,
Barring the way, St. Ambrose just and good.
"Go back," he said, "nor think that blood-
stained hands

May here find entrance. It was thy commands
Ordained the massacre. Repent, be shriven,
Before thou darest seek the gate of heaven."
The Emperor laid fingers on his sword,—
But his eyes caught the figure of his Lord,
Carved on the cross above St. Ambrose' head.
He turned, and with bent brow and wavering
tread,

Passed down the steps between his lines of
guards,

Returning to his palace and its wards.

Next day, with none of all his glittering train,
Barefoot, with ashes on his head, again
He sought the Archbishop, to at last be shriven,
Restore whate'er he could, and be forgiven.

APRIL 7

S. Aphraates (4th century)

As Valens at his window stood
In Antioch's palace, where in flood,
Beside the high-road hastening fast,
The mighty stream Orontes passed,—
He saw an old man hurry by,
All meanly clad, yet with his eye
Full of a sure serenity.
The Emperor asked why thus in haste
Such aged feet the pathway traced.
"It is Aphraates," he was told,
"Whom all in veneration hold."
Valens demanded what he sought.
Aphraates answered meek, "I thought
To pray for your unprosperous reign."
And Valens then inquired again,
But half in jest: "How is it you
Have left your cell this work to do?"
The hermit said: "I lived retired,
While Christ's poor flock dwelt here in peace.
But when I saw their fold was fired,
Must not I run to seek for aid,
And use all effort unafraid,
To quench the fire? Reprove me not,
O Emperor, but blame thyself,
Who kindled flame that will not cease."
Aphraates hastened from the spot,
And Valens no reply could find,
But stood displeased, with troubled mind.

APRIL 12

S. Zeno

(380)

(Bishop of Verona under the Emperor Valens. Bishop
Zeno's Sermon on Patience.)

O Patience! queen of all things, I desire
To honor thee and raise thy praises higher
By life and manners more than by my word.
Thou art a shield against the sharpest sword,
Thou art support of widow and of maid,
Guide of the married, and the unafraid
Oneness of friendship, comfort and great joy
Of slavery, which loses all annoy
When thou dost make it free instead of thrall.
By thee is poverty content with all.
By thee the ancient prophets were advanced
From strength to strength, and all their powers
enhanced.

Thou didst unite the Apostles to their Lord.
Mother of martyrs art thou, the adored
Bulwark of faith, and fruit of hope, and friend
Of charity and justice to the end.
Happy to all eternity is he
Whose soul is filled with thy sufficiency!

APRIL 14

SS. Tiburtius and Valerian

(Brother and husband of S. Cecilia.)

Glorious King of all the Martyrs,
Of Confessors Crown and Prize,
Bend to us an ear propitious,
Hear our humble litanies.
Through Thy martyrs Thou didst conquer,
Thou didst suffer in Thy saints,
In Thy poor Thou still art with us,
Oh, deliver, Lord, and free us,
Free us from all sinful taints.

Rom. Brev.

APRIL 19

S. Alphege. Abp. (1012)

St. Alphege left the world for hermit cell,
But soon was made an abbot, and, as well,
Bishop of Winchester, then, greater grown,
Archbishop, raised to Canterbury's throne.
The Danes had landed on the English shore,
And over all the land began to pour.
They came at last to Canterbury gates,
Besieged the town, and put it to great straits,
Took it by storm, and entered in a flood,
A sea of fury not to be withstood.
St. Alphege hastened to the dreadful scene,
And, all defenceless, threw himself between
The people and their foes. "Strike me," he said,
"On me let all your blows descend instead
Of these poor sheep, from whom there's naught
to dread.
'Tis I who have denounced your wickedness,
And preached against all riot and excess."
Surprised to see such boldness, the fierce Danes
Offered to ransom him for golden gains.
"I have no gold," he said, "but wisdom true
In words from Gospel books I offer you."
Enraged at this, they struck him on the head
With battle-axes till his life was fled.

APRIL 23

S. George. M. (about 303)

A farmer found him lying in a furrow,
A lovely child with light about his head.
He grew to be a soldier, strong and valiant,
Delivering poor souls from fear and dread.
He fought and killed the dragon's evil power,
And rescued many in their danger-hour.

For Christ and his religion he was martyred
In Palestine, in the old Roman time.
But, with the armies of the great Crusaders,
St. George came back to his own native clime.
He came in vision to the King by night,
And promised victory in the morrow's fight.

Champion of England! may thy red cross ever
Float on before her hosts in every fight
Battling like thee against the power of evil
For equal justice, and for truth and right.
St. George's cross, St. Andrew's, and the Harp
Of Ireland, may they evermore unite!

APRIL 25

S. Mark

Lion of the tribe of Judah,
Chosen seed of David's throne,
King of men, and great Messiah,
He can save, and He alone.
Of Him wrote, in glad Evangel,
Mark and Matthew, Luke and John.

APRIL 27

St. Anthimus, Bishop, and many other martyrs at Nicomedia

(303)

The martyrs' glorious company
Have triumphed in their fight.
What have we done, while here on earth,
To win a robe of light?

No cruelty or shame had power
To draw them from their love,
Or dim their steady cheer, or make
Their constancy to move.

We, in delights and careless ease,
Refuse to love our Lord.
What shall we bring to give to Him,
What can our lives afford?

In the great judgment day on high,
They have their wounds to show.
Oh, have we flowers and fruit, or aught
But leaves that thickly grow?

Shall we, as fitting presents, bring
To God true charity,
A heart kept free from lower love,
From passions' tyranny?

Have we been faithful in the hour
Of strong temptation's stress,
Or have we worked for self, and not
All other lives to bless?

Have we been steadfast in the cause
Of truth and right and good?
When wrong and evil ruled in might,
Have we done all we could?

Shall we bring secret alms and prayers,
And self-denial meek?
Oh, happy man that these attend,
When he his God shall seek?

When we have rendered back the lives
Trusted to us below,
When God makes up his jewel-crowns,
Oh, what have we to show?

Ye holy martyrs, pray for us,
That God may send His light,
And Christ His grace, to clear our eyes
With self and wrong to fight!

S. Ephrem.

S. Pollio

(304)

Probus (Judge in Pannonia):

"What is your name, and what your rank and place?"

Pollio:

"Pollio I am, a reader, by God's grace."

"What do ye read?" "We read God's blessed Word

To all the people, and by them are heard."

"Doubtless you are of that base set who find

A way to draw the fickle, silly mind,

And to induce poor women to refrain

From marriage, all unfettered to remain."

"Those are the foolish, fickle ones who leave

Their great Creator, and in vain believe

Your superstitions, while our hearers stand

So steady in the truths given by our hand

From what we read to them, that torment none

Can draw them to transgress a single one

Of those most holy precepts and most pure

Which their eternal King has made to endure."

"Of what King do you speak, and of what laws?"

"I speak of our Lord Christ, and of His cause."

"What do these laws enjoin?" "On every one

To adore the only God, one God alone,

Who makes the heavens thunder at His will,

Not carved from wood or stone, but Spirit still.

They teach that masters should be just and mild,

And slaves should act as does a docile child;

They teach us all to honor and obey

Our parents, love our friends, forgive and pray

For enemies and foes; to entertain

Strangers, and aid the poor, and to remain

Most just and kind to all men everywhere,

Believing that immortal life and fair

Awaits in heaven those who on earth despise

The death that in your passing power lies."

"Come to the point. The edict's strict advice
Is, to the gods you must do sacrifice."

"Sacrifice will I not, and in no way
Will ever sacrifice, let come what may."
"Then you must die." "I am resolved to die.
Do what you are commanded instantly."

APRIL 30

S. Catherine of Siena (1380)

In Siena's rose-red town,
Perched upon its rocky hill,
Full of treasures even now,
Through the ages lovely still,

Here, among the factions wild,
Where the honest burghers trod,
Catherine the dyer's child,
Lived, and gave her soul to God.

Here she worked within her home,
Tended helpless sick and poor,
Saw sweet visions of content,
Set aside all worldly lure;

Comforted and made repent
Many a prisoner in despair,
To the scaffold with them went,
Prayed for them with tender care.

Merry-hearted with her friends,
Messenger to plead for peace,
Sent o'er sea and land to wend,
She could make all discord cease.

She could bring Pope Gregory back
From far Avignon to Rome,
And of letters brave no lack
She could write to kings at home.

Worn with sickness and with fast,
Striving to make schism whole,
In great Rome she died at last,
Glad to render up her soul.

She had seen the Saviour stand,
Holding up a crown of gold,
While His other piercèd hand
Woven crown of thorns did hold.

Eagerly she took the last,
Pressing it upon her brow,
Heavenly crown aside she cast,
Chose her Master's suffering now.

Suffering and pain she chose,
Meek-embracing grief and loss,
So from step to step she rose,
Stooping 'neath a heavy cross.

MAY 1

SS. Philip and James

"Philip," once the Master said;
(Philip's question answerèd)
"He who long with Me has been,
Has the Father also seen."
Philip now with James we find
Through the ages close combined,
Great Twin Brethren of the Church,
For Messiah making search,
Through the world proclaiming then
Christ, the Saviour of all men.

MAY 2

S. Athanasius. B.C. (373)

(Patriarch of Alexandria. Doctor of the Church.)

Athanasius stood alone,
One against a world of foes,
Like a steadfast tower of stone,
Throwing back the waves that rose,
Arian waves of furious might,
That would whelm the faith in night.

MAY 3

Invention of the Cross (326)

The Cross is health for every creature,
Brightest light and truest fire,
All the hope of all the faithful,
All their solace and desire.
'Tis of paradise the portal,
Where the saints rejoice immortal,
They who conquered in the fight;
Medicine for all the living,
By its strength and virtue giving
Wondrous gifts of healing might.

Translated from St. Bonaventura.

MAY 6

S. John ad Portam Latinam (95)

Cast into burning oil before the Latin Gate,
St. John came forth unhurt, through Heaven's
protecting grace.
Behold how all the just shall flourish soon or late,
Like palm-trees young and green uprising in
their place.
Like lilies they shall grow and bud and flower,
Like cedars, spread their boughs into a bower.

MAY 9

S. Gregory Nazianzen. B.C.
Doctor (389)

Two brothers in their heart and soul,
Basil and Gregory were seen,
Happy together, and apart,
No unshared thought could intervene.

O Gregory, so good and wise,
A saint and Father of the Church,
How could you quarrel with your friend,
And think he left you in the lurch?

He wished to send you far away
To labor for a savage race.
You thought he cared not for your weal,
To tear you from your chosen place.

Basil possessed a sterner soul,
And yet in love and in belief
Was truer, for he bore no grudge,
Enduring severance and grief.

When death had opened Gregory's eyes,
How would he rush to seek his friend,
Pardon implore for blindness past,
And love renew without an end!

MAY 10

S. Isidore

(1170)

Isidore, the faithful ploughman,
Labored at his task, apart,
Made his work religious duty,
Praying always in his heart,
Walking with his guardian angel
Close beside him from the start.

Poor, unlearned, simple, humble,
Heavenly peace within him dwelt;
Rising early, heat of summer,
Winter's cold he often felt.
While he knelt at his devotions,
Angels with his ploughing helped.

Books and learning are not needed,
Knowledge may but make more vain;
Patience under many insults
Peace for Isidore could gain.
Kindness to his fellow-servants
All their anger could restrain.

MAY 14

S. Pachomius. A. (348)

St. Pachomius the hermit
Had a well-belovèd son,
From his many close disciples
Chosen as his dearest one.

When the other brethren told him
That this child in pain did dwell,
Suffered with a constant headache,
Begged his prayers to make him well;

Then Pachomius made answer:
"Prayer and fasting merit have,
But a sickness borne with patience
Has a greater power to save.

"Suffering is crucifixion
Of our will and fleshly heart,
Makes us like the blessed Saviour,
In His Cross to bear a part."

MAY 18

S. Venantius. M. (250)

Martyr of God, Venantius,
Camerte's glorious light,
Conquered his doom of torture,
Rejoicing in the fight,
And on his coming triumph
Fixed all his vision bright.

To join the soldier-martyrs,
The boy could still aspire;
After his chains and prison,
And cruel scourging dire,
They gave him to the lions
Hungry with wild desire.

But even fiercest lions
Must spare his innocence;
Forgetful of their hunger,
They fawn without offence,
And, kinder than his judges,
They do him reverence.

No mercy men would show him.
They burnt him at the stake,
And, wrapped in cloudy smoke-wreaths,
His hero soul escaped,
Flying on high to heaven,
Victorious and great.

Rom. Brev.

MAY 19

S. Dunstan. Abp. (988)

In time of Dunstan, when he held the see
Of Canterbury, and ruled royally,—
(Keeping the King and his young wife in fear,
And making all men tremble far and near)
The Church and world were set each against each,
No good at all in one, so men would preach,
And naught but good within the other's reach.
The world was fair, and so they feared it would
Draw back men's hearts from heaven and the
true good.

Not all had learned what great Aquinas taught,
That sin and guilt, in action or in thought,
Lies in excess or in deficiency
Of love. But stern and like the Pharisee,
No longer like the Apostles, men would frown
On innocent joys, and beat poor nature down.
Most beauteous things were made the Church to
adorn,
But outside beauty was all held in scorn.

Bartering earth for heaven, they read amiss
What might have meant: Bring heaven's life
into this.

The world is carnal, but it is not wrong,
Unless, usurping what does not belong
Within its power, it seizes on the throne
Reserved for spirit, and for that alone.
A strong and brave reformer, artist, priest,
St. Dunstan had no mercy for the least,
The smallest deviation from the way
He thought alone could lead to heavenly day.

MAY 26

S. Augustine. Archbishop

(604)

Holding his silver cross on high,
St. Austin led his band,
His little band of faithful monks,
Into the English land.
They came to bring the message great,
Tidings of heavenly birth,
To preach the blessed Gospel sent
To every son of earth;
Deliverance to the captive soul,
Glad tidings to the poor,
Healing for every wounded heart,
And peace forevermore.

MAY 27

Ven. Bede. Presb.

(735)

Monk of Jarrow, still inditing
All thy many books, still writing
On thy history, and working
Late and long, no whisper lurking

In thy heart of love of self,
 Or of gain of paltry pelf;
 Only love of learning pure
 Filled thee, in thy cell secure.
 Simple as a dove thou wert,
 Wise as any man on earth,
 Caring only to impart
 From thy large and loving heart
 All thou knewest, all to give,
 That the blind might see and live.
 When thine hour was come at last,
 Thou wast found, as in the past,
 With thy scholars round thy knees,
 Teaching as in hours of ease.
 "Most dear master," then said one,
 "With a sentence more 'tis done."
 "Write it quickly. Lift my head,"
 So his dying master said,
 "Toward the oratory where
 I was wont to kneel in prayer."
 Praising God with failing breath,
 Then his eyelids closed in death.

JUNE 1

S. Nicomede. Martyr

(about 90)

Priest in Rome, he gave his aid
 To the martyrs, unafraid.
 Then before the judge they haled him,
 And with every art assailed him.
 He was faithful to the end,
 To the idols would not bend,
 Fragrant incense would not proffer,
 And no sacrifice would offer—
 But with calm, unclouded brow
 Went to meet the threatened death,
 Gladly yielding up his breath.

JUNE 3

**S. Coemgen or S. Kevin
Bp.**

(aged 120. 618)

The ruins of seven churches stand
Within a lovely vale.
High mountains guard it all about,
And from their rocky pale
The waterfalls come gently down
In streams that never fail.

Two spreading lakes lie in the vale,
A river through it flows,
And where this joins another stream
A monastery rose,
A city growing at its side,
So the tradition goes.

St. Kevin was an Irish lad
Of great and high degree,
Three years he studied Holy Writ,
Then journeyed eagerly
To the fair vale of Glendalow,
A cloistered monk to be.

Belfry and chancel and stone walls
Have here grown old and gray
Five centuries, and every year
The people come to pray,
Flocking from all the country-side
Upon St. Kevin's day.

JUNE 5

S. Boniface. B. and M. (755)

Friesland and Saxony's apostle great,
St. Boniface refused all other state.
He said he knew his sole and only call
Was to convert the infidels, and all

His life he spent upon that mighty task,
And nought but fellow-helpers did he ask.
He left his teaching, and his English home,
In Friesland's forest depths afar to roam.
In peril great from lawless robber bands,
He journeyed on through waste and savage lands,
Spreading the Gospel wheresoe'er he went,
Baptizing heathen souls his one intent.
Rulers and kings full oft his counsel sought,
And to his ear their many troubles brought.
Prince Carloman, the son of Charles Martel,
Would hear him preach, and loved his doctrine
well,

Until his heart was fired by love divine
His heir and all his kingdom to resign
To his next brother Pepin, and depart
Into a monastery all apart.

At seventy-four St. Boniface resigned
All benefices, and henceforth confined
His life to missionary work alone.
A single book he treasured for his own,
St. Ambrose' treatise on a happy death,
And this he always bore his robe beneath.
At last the infidels he sought to save
Rushed to his tent with murderous sword and
stave.

All whom they found they slew, nor mercy gave.
Boniface met them with courageous faith,
Receiving at their hands a martyr's death.
His precious book was spotted with his blood,
And long was shown in Fulda's convent good.

JUNE 9

S. Columban or Columkill

(597)

Iona, fair and lonely,
The Island of the Saints,
Dreams and remembers only,
Nor heeds the world's complaints.

She knows the priceless treasure
Of sacred, holy lore
Was trusted to her measure,
And held within her store.

In schools and monasteries
She trained her children well,
Then sent them on far journeys,
The Gospel news to tell.

The world passed by and left her,
She knows it will return;
She knows she has the secret
That all will love to learn.

True peace and joy forever,
The only rest and peace,
She knows where they are centred,
When wars and tumults cease.

Saint Columkill was buried
Upon her rocky shore,
The waves made music round him,
His earthly taskwork o'er.

The Irish kings lay near him,
The Scottish kings beside,
And in the ruined cloisters
Their many tombs abide.

The Holy Isle is warden
Above their peaceful sleep,
She waits and watches o'er them
Amid the ocean deep.

JUNE 10

S. Margaret. Queen (1093)

Grandson of Edmund Ironside,
The youthful Edmund passed
From England under Norman rule
To Scotland, where at last
Malcolm had gained his crown again
From the usurper's grasp.

Edgar's fair sister Margaret
Pleased Malcolm's eye and heart.
He wedded her and crowned her queen,
And she spent every art
Of wisdom and sweet courtesy
To play her royal part.

The king was rough and rude and wild,
But had no evil ways,
He was not haughty, and caprice
No thought in him could raise,
While Margaret's piety devout
Won his most reverent praise.

She softened every waywardness,
And polished what was rough,
She helped to cultivate his mind,
And cared for him enough
To lift his heart and soul with hers
Away from worldly stuff.

Her prayers and fasting and her alms
She strove to hide from sight.
Her subjects' sins, her own frail heart
Oppressed her day and night.
And at the news of Malcolm's death
Her saintly soul took flight.

JUNE 12

S. Barnabas. A. and M.

First to greet the Apostle Paul,
First to take him by the hand,
Barnabas among them all,
The disciples' faithful band,
Came to journey Paul beside,
Dear companion, true and tried.

They together left their land.
They, in Cyprus' crowded mart,

Met the sorcerer's demand,
Saw him try his magic art,
Saw him fall in dark defeat,
Seeking one to guide his feet.

Barnabas and Paul at last,
As they journeyed long and late,
Through the Asian country passed,
Came to Lystra's open gate.
Here they healed a cripple, lame
From his childhood still the same.

Then the people joyful cried:
"Lo! the gods have come to earth!
Jupiter in stately pride,
Mercury of gracious birth!
Sacrifices let us bring
To the herald and the King."

Horror filled the Apostles' heart.
"We are men," they said, "like you;
For the Gospel set apart,
Sent abroad its works to do.
Heaven indeed has come to earth
In the Lord and Saviour's birth."

When St. Barnabas departed,
And St. Paul went on alone,
Paul the great and tender-hearted,
Did he miss that chosen one?
Titus, Timothy he loved,
Barnabas was first approved.

JUNE 13

The Vision of St. Anthony of Padua

(1231)

My little Lord and Love!
Didst not disdain to come to me?
Thou who dost reign in heaven above
To all eternity!

Oh, make me but a little like to Thee,
 Thou who didst come all men to free.
 The Holy Innocents throng round Thee now,
 None but the pure may look upon Thy face.
 Why dost Thou grant such grace
 To sinners like to me?
 Who can but bend the knee,
 And in contrition sigh,
 With deep repentant cry:
 Oh, wipe off every trace
 Of sin from this my soiled face.

JUNE 14

S. Basil. Archbishop of Caesarea
 (379)

St. Basil stood before the Prefect's throne—
 "Conform!" Fabricius cried in furious tone:
 "The Emperor's royal power can confiscate,
 Can exile, torture, kill you like stern fate."
 "Have you no other threat?" the saint replied,
 "For these things move me not. My rags beside
 My books are all I own, my single pride.
 Heaven is my only country, not this land,
 And this frail body scarcely could withstand
 The first blow of your torments, but would die,
 And death would bring me sooner home on high."
 "Never has any man before my face
 So freely spoken!" cried, in deep amaze,
 Fabricius, and St. Basil answered true:
 "Perhaps with bishops you've had naught to do.
 We bear ourselves with haughtiness to none,
 Forgetting all in cause of God alone."

JUNE 17

S. Alban. Martyr
 (Protomartyr of Britain). (303)

Alban of Verulam, in that far time,
 When Diocletian ruled, received a stranger,

Flying from persecution, though 'twas crime
Against the law, and set his life in danger.
Converted by the priest, Alban arranged
He should escape, and they their cloaks
exchanged.

The soldiers seized on Alban as their prey,
And dragged him to the judge who straight
demanded
That he the sacrifices due should pay
To the great idols, as the law commanded.
But Alban, full of courage, said him nay,
And was beheaded on the selfsame day.

JUNE 20

Translation of Edward, King of West Saxons

(982)

Tread lightly, lightly, as ye bring
To Shaftesbury our murdered king,
In long procession moving slow,
With lighted candles, chanting low,
And censers swinging as we go.
Upright and noble, pure and kind
He was, and wise and great of mind.
His people's mourning will not cease
Until his body rest in peace
In holy ground, while, far on high,
His soul's translated to the sky.

JUNE 24

S. John Baptist

In the wilderness a voice is crying:
"Turn, ye sinners, turn ye, and repent!
Lo! the mighty Lord of Hosts is coming,
Yet a little space of time is lent."

JUNE 29

S. Peter

The Lord sent down His angel to deliver
St. Peter from the might of Herod's hand,
The darkness fled before him like a river,
The prison bars fell back at his command.
Lord, Thou hast made him prince o'er all the
earth,
This chosen fisherman of humble birth.

The Lord said to him: "Peter, dost thou love
me?"

And Peter answered: "Lord, Thou knowest
best."

"Feed then My sheep," He said, "strengthen
thy brethren,

Those are My friends who do My least behest.
Thy name is Peter: on this rock of faith
My Church shall stand to conquer sin and
death."

JULY 2

Visitation of the Blessed Virgin

Mary hasted to the hills,
Where she might her cousin see,
While the angel's message fills
All her heart with harmony.

When she came with eager foot,
Then the old Elisabeth
Bowed before her sweet salute,
Seeing with the eye of faith.

Side by side together set,
Matron strong and maiden grave,
Truth and righteousness have met,
Each to other kisses gave.

JULY 4

Translation of S. Martin. Bp.

(about 470)

Raise the bishop's saintly dust,
Lay it in the sumptuous tomb
We have made for one so just,
Mild and gracious, in the room
Close behind the altar made,
Where his body should be laid.
Love and veneration here
Kneel with reverence round his bier.

JULY 10

**S. Felicitas and her 7 Sons.
M.M.**

(2d century)

These have come through waves of tribulation,
Suffered for Christ's sake and for the truth,
Walked through blood to win the world's
salvation,
Bearing for its woes a heart of ruth.
Priest and slave and noble, youth and maiden
Knew that Christ His strength to them would
send,
Joyful bore their witness, treasure-laden,
Holding fast their faith until the end.

JULY 12

S. John Gualberto

(1073)

Giovanni, noble Florentine,
Rode swiftly on his way.
The track was clear, the deed was fresh,
He owned no power to stay;
His brother's death he would avenge,
The murderer would slay.

Close on his heels he rode, and soon
The wretch could plainly see.
He stumbled as he fled, and fell,
In fearful agony,
And by a wayside crucifix
He bent his trembling knee.

With arms across, he mercy begged
In Christ the Saviour's name.
Giovanni's lifted sword fell back,
His wrath died down like flame.
Was there request he could refuse
When asked in that great Name?

He lifted up his eyes and saw
The thorn-crowned wounded Head.
He gazed o'erwhelmed with sudden awe,
Then sheathed his sword and said:
"Our Lord forgave His murderers,
Depart, and have nò dread."

JULY 15

S. Swithin. Bishop (862)

Fair Winchester! seat of the Saxon Kings!
Within thy precincts was the council held
That first called all the land and country
England.
Here was king Egbert crowned, and gave his
son
Into the hands of Swithin to be taught,
Swithin the bishop, royal chancellor,
A man of charity and humble heart.
He often would walk barefoot through the
streets.
And when he died, he asked to have his grave
Made in the churchyard where each passing
foot
Could tread upon it, and the rain could wet it.

After a time the monks would fain remove
His body to the Church, and cover it
With a great tomb. But then there came a rain
That lasted forty days, and in alarm
They left St. Swithin in his chosen place.
Ethelwolf's youngest son, Alfred the Great,
Had Swithin for his tutor, and in time
Held court at Winchester, and loved it well.

JULY 19

S. Vincent de Paul (1660)

In the glittering Paris church
Vincent's statue stands,
Holding in his arms a babe,
Wrapt in swaddling bands,
While a helper at his feet
Waits for his commands.

Vincent's strong and homely face,
Radiant with love,
All transfigured and transformed,
Mildly bends above,
Full of shrewd and humorous grace
Obstacles to move.

Tenderness filled Vincent's heart,
Pity undefiled
For the wretched sick and poor,
For each little child;
All the aged and the weak
Stirred compassion mild.

Vincent was the first to start
Bands of helpers good,
Sisterhoods of Mercy called,
Just to stem the flood
Suffering pours o'er all the lands,
Hard to be withstood.

With their medieval coifs
All of linen fair,
Wings of snowy drapery
Waving in the air,
Framing downcast eyes and face
Full of calmness rare,

In the Virgin's colors dressed,
Blue and white, they go,
To the hospitals and all
Lowest haunts of woe,
To the dreadful battlefields,
Fearless of the foe.

Seven the Works of Mercy are,
These are what they do,
Tend the sick, relieve their thirst,
Feed the hungry crew,
Visit prisoners, clothe and bless
Souls and bodies too.

JULY 20

S. Margaret. V. and M.

In Antioch once lived a maiden bright,
And Margaret was that gentle maiden hight.
She was so fair, the Governor made suit
To win her love, and knelt him at her foot.
He was a heathen, and for Rome held sway,
And she, a Christian, mildly said him nay.
Then, his fierce love turned all to wrath, he swore
That she should see the light of life no more.
Into a dungeon was she cast, and there
Satan, in dragon shape, did soon repair,
Dreadful, and threatening to devour the maid,
A sight to make the stoutest man afraid.
But Margaret, undaunted and serene,
Knelt down and prayed to the high God unseen,
Then signed the Cross upon the fearsome beast,
And lo! his jaws oped wide for her release.

Her silken girdle in a leash's stead,
His scaly length in triumph then she led,
Praising and thanking Heaven, with humble
heart,
That strength to weakness ever can impart.

JULY 22

S. Mary Magdalen

Magdalen! with drooping head,
Tearful eyes no gaze can meet,—
With thy tresses' length outspread,
Thou canst wipe the Saviour's feet.

Magdalen! with broken heart,
Like the alabaster vase,—
Love has still in it a part,
With its fragrance fills the place.

Love will cleanse thee from thy sin,
Love will make thee pure within.

JULY 25

S. James

Brother of John, one of Christ's chosen three,
First of the Twelve to perish by the sword,
The Son of Thunder learnt his Lord's decree:
The highest-placed must service meek afford,
And drink the cup that death and suffering
poured.

JULY 25

S. Christopher. M.

Bearing the Christ-Child on his back,
Christopher struggles on,
The storm is wild, the night is black,
His strength is almost gone.

The raging river rises high,
No star he has to guide,
Yet still he toils to gain the bank,
And cross from side to side.

Many a hapless soul before,
In danger and alarm,
Safely from distant shore to shore
He carried in his arm.

"Oh, who art thou, thou wondrous Child?
So heavy, yet so small!"
"I am the Christ," the Child replied,
"The mightiest Lord of all.

"Thou who hast helped the least of these,
And given charity
To My poor children in their need,
Hast done it unto Me."

JULY 26

St. Anne

The gracious mother of the Holy Maid
Taught her in all things well and with much
prayer,
Helped her to read the Sacred Books, and bade
That she should practice household arts with
care.
With her own hand she led her gently on,
Until the childish feet could stand alone.

JULY 31

S. Ignatius Loyola. C.

The Soldier (d. 1526)

Ignatius Loyola was nobly born,
Young, proud, and gay, most fitted to adorn
The court and camp as soldier and as knight,
With every worldly pleasure full in sight.

In battle he was wounded, and must lie
For a long time on sick-bed passively.
One leg was broken, and he must be lame,
Never again his strength would be the same.
To wile the time away, he read and pondered
Upon the life of Christ, until he wondered
If even yet some work he still could do.
He went to Paris, studied till he knew
That he could teach a little, then began
To gather scholars, and to form a plan.
He would fight still, but against sin, and be
Christ's soldier now and to eternity.
'Twas not enough that he should serve the Lord,
Himself alone, for Christ should be adored
And loved by all; and Loyola desired
Others to save, till all his soul was fired
With ardent zeal and faith. He hung his sword
Within a chapel, and as pilgrim went
To far Jerusalem, where, still intent
Upon conversion, he desired to stay
Among the Moslems, but was called away
Back into Europe. There at last, surrounded
By many young associates, he founded
The Company of Jesus, making rules
For missions, and for preaching, and for schools.
So Loyola taught, studied, and endured,
And, having worked till many souls were cured,
True to his motto: "To God's greater glory,"
Fought a good fight throughout his life and story.

Aug. 1

Lammas

Bring the first fruits in offering,
Bring the new corn and wheat,
Gifts from the high and heavenly King,
Lay them before His feet.
Lord, of Thine own we haste to bring,
Bless all our bread and meat.

AUG. 4

S. Dominic

(1221)

His mother dreamed she brought a firebrand forth,
And so it proved, for Dominic, in course
Of all his life, passed to and fro, from north
To south, and grew to be a mighty force.
Burning to save men's souls for God, his zeal
And tireless ardor knew no least repeal.

A woman begged of him to help redeem
Her brother held in slavery by the Moor.
"I have no gold or silver, it may seem,"
He said, "but I can willingly endure,
And work. Send me to be a slave instead."
"God will provide some other way," she said.

At Salamanca he was taught, and great
His learning and his piety became.
He sent his preaching Friars of poor estate
Throughout the world, from land to land, like
flame.

He met St. Francis twice, his worthy mate,
He saw Queen Blanche, St. Louis' guide and stay.
Before his life had burned itself away.

AUG. 6

Transfiguration

On a mountain Christ was tempted;
On the mountain heights He prayed;
On a mountain was transfigured,
On a mount His Sermon made.

AUG. 7

Name of Jesus

At the holy name of Jesus
Every knee shall humbly bow,
Here on earth, on high in heaven,
In eternity and now,
Ever while the ages flow.

Every tongue in every nation
Shall confess that He is Lord,
Giving honor and laudation
To the Name by all adored,
Glorified with one accord.

Far above all earthly sweetness,
Glorious beyond compare,
Terrible in its completeness,
Working wonders everywhere,
This great Name alone can save us,
Save our souls from sin and snare.

AUG. 10

S. Laurence. M. (258)

To execution was Pope Sixtus led.
Laurence, his Spanish deacon, wept and said:
"O father, dost thou go without thy son?"
And the Pope answered: "Soon thou followest
on."

"Bring forth the Church's treasures," then they
cried.

And Laurence brought, and set them side by
side,

The poor and maimed and sick; and said: "These
hold

Within their heart the true and only gold,
The light of heavenly truth." "And dost thou
dare

To mock us?" said the angry judge. "Beware!
For thou shalt die with torments for thy share."
Through cruel tortures Laurence smiling passed,
And won his martyr's palm and crown at last.

Almighty Lord, who gave each martyr power
To conquer fiery pains in death's dark hour,
Grant that we too may quench the scorching
flame

Of all our vices, in Thy holy name.

Rom. Brev.

S. Radegonde

(587)

The little Lady Radegonde was taken,
 A captive princess, with much spoil beside,
 From fair Thuringia, struck down and shaken,
 When France had conquered and abased its
 pride.

The spoils divided, Radegonde fell share
 To Soissons' soldier-king, the first Clotaire.

She was but twelve years old. Clotaire com-
 manded

She should be educated and baptized.
 And from that hour she gave her heart to heaven,
 And every carnal comfort she despised.
 She spent her time between the Church and
 prayer,
 And gave the poor all that she well could spare.

Clotaire would marry her, and was at first
 Pleased with her great devotion, but became
 Jealous in time, and swore that he was curst
 With nun instead of queen for wife. 'Twas
 shame

To show such discontentment, for she still
 Was careful every duty to fulfill.

A foul assassination shocked her much,
 And she asked leave to quit the court that day.
 Clotaire commanded that she should be sent
 To St. Medard to take the veil, and stay
 In Poitiers, where he ordered her to build
 A monastery that with nuns was filled.

Then he repented, and would fetch her back.

But she, in terror and in sore dismay,
 Begged St. Germain of Paris for his aid.
 At the King's feet he fell, in haste to say,
 Entreat, implore that he should lay aside
 Such sacrilegious thoughts and sinful pride.

At Clotaire's death, the kingdom was divided
Among four sons. King Sigebert was one,
Whose wife Brunhilda was in beauty rivaled
By Fredegonde, whence strife arose anon.
Fair Fredegonde by Chilperic was loved.
The civil wars all earth and heaven moved.

Amidst these storms, Queen Radegonde enjoyed
Perfect tranquillity in her abode,
A harbor safe, a nest of happy peace,
Where danger and distress had never trod.
She was a scholar, and she loved to read
The Greek and Latin authors at her need.

In holy prudence she did most excel,
Prudence, which great St. Ambrose somewhere
calls
The salt to season other virtues well,
Without it each from true perfection falls.
Radegonde ruled her home of Holy Cross,
And her two hundred nuns suffered no loss.

AUG. 18

S. Helena. C. (328)

Constantius, bravest found among the brave,
Loved Helena, the daughter of a king
In Britain, far beyond the ocean wave,
When Rome held England in the mighty ring
Of tribute countries subject to her sway,
And ruled full well for many a long day.

Their son was Constantine, surnamed the Great,
He who beheld in heaven the wondrous sign;
And when he reigned o'er the Imperial State,
And Helena had reached her life's decline,
She dreamed a vision of the holy Cross,
On which our Lord had suffered shame and loss.

She journeyed to the East, and there she built,
Where Christ led death into captivity,
Twin churches, and, to clear her soul of guilt,
In Bethlehem, place of His Nativity,
She built another church, still standing there,
In its old form, with rows of columns fair.

And when she died, the Emperor gave command
She should be buried in an urn immense,
All made of porphyry and carved by hand
With figures costing toil and work intense.
Still is it kept in Rome, and can be seen,
Memorial to the fair English queen.

AUG. 20

S. Bernard. A. (1153)

Pure delight and perfect sweetness
Is the love of Christ our Lord,
Its possessor has completeness,
Strengthened by his Master's word.
Earthly things he makes his climbing stair,
Things celestial are his only care.

AUG. 24

S. Bartholomew

Free from all guile, and simple as a dove,
He yet was wise with wisdom from above.

AUG. 25

S. Louis (1270)

King, crusader, loyal lord,
Over France maintaining ward,
Louis IX, of spotless name,
Bore a shield that had no blame.

War and strife aloof he held,
 In wise prudence he excelled,
 Bravest knight in battle he,
 Firm in justice equally.
 When the enemy drew near,
 "Madam mother, do not fear,"
 So he said, "for either we
 Conquer, or shall martyrs be."
 When in Eastern chains he lay,
 Hope all vanished far away,
 Hope of winning back at last
 Holy City of the past,—
 'Twas the will of God, he said,
 Suffering was best instead.
 In his chains he must rejoice,
 Since for him they were Heaven's choice.
 Counsel to his son he gave,
 Prayed that God his army save,
 Home returning o'er the wave,
 Gave his soul into God's hands,
 And so died on desert sands.

AUG. 28

S. Augustine. Bishop (430)

Born in Afric airs,
 With a heart of fire,
 Child of many prayers,
 Soon thou didst aspire.
 Sick of sinful mirth,
 Longing for thy home
 Lifted thee from earth,
 Made thee cease to roam.
 In the heavenly love
 Peaceful then and blest,
 To its Source returned,
 Fiery heart had rest.

AUG. 29

Decollation of S. John Baptist

The prophet lay in darkness. Then his eyes
Were lightened, and he heard a heavenly
Voice:

Thus saith the Lord: gird up thy loins, arise,
And speak to Judah words of My own choice.
Fear not, for I will make them to fear thee,
I will deliver thee and set thee free.

SEPT. 1

S. Giles. Abbot and C.

(7th century)

Giles was so good and learned that he drew
Praises from all, and praise and reverence grew.
He feared the world's temptations would raise
pride

Within his heart, and many an ill beside,
And sought obscurity as safest guide.
In the deep woods of France he chose his cell,
And there in hermitage he long did dwell.
On herbs and roots and water did he live,
And the wild hinds for him their milk would give.
He spent his life in constant praise and prayer.
Not everyone such solitude can bear.
Giles was not slothful, and his thoughtful care
Founded at last a monastery, where
All who, like him, feared worldly pleasures, came
To till the ground, and the waste land reclaim.

SEPT. 7

S. Eurtius or Enurchus. Bp.

(about 340)

"His history is of no authority."—Alban Butler.

Bishop of Orleans, he was set to guard
The flock of Christ in France, keep watch and
ward,

Save them from bears and wolves with ravening
paw,
And from all robber thieves that broke the law.
Oh, what is man, that heavenly God should
deign
To set him o'er His handiwork to reign,
Crown him with glory and with honor great,
And raise him above angels' power and state!

SEPT. 8

Nativity of Virgin Mary

Holy Maid and Mother mild,
With thine arms about thy Child,
We must hail thy day of birth,
Day that brought thee to the earth.
Star above life's troubled sea!
Beaming rays of constancy,
More than moon in radiance bright,
Flooding sky and filling night,
Chasing darkness into flight.

SEPT. 14

Holy Cross Day

The Cross is truest medicine of life;
The Cross is peace, and end of every strife;
The Cross is safety amidst perils rife.

The Cross in glory shines above our night,
The Cross will guide our wandering steps aright,
In this sign shalt thou conquer in the fight.

No Cross, no Crown. Endure a little while;
Soon shall the sun of brightness on thee smile;
Sweet rest comes after many a weary mile.

SEPT. 16

S. Cyprian

(304)

There lived in Antioch once a great magician,
Cyprian by name, deep-stained with many a
crime.

The powers of evil held a firm position
Within his heart, and ruled him for long time.
A nobleman came asking for his aid
To win Justina, young and beauteous maid.

She was a Christian, and the Prince of Evil
Assailed her all in vain. Before her face
Fled in confusion every form of devil.

She signed the Cross, and dire was their
disgrace.

Cyprian saw their weakness, and resolved
To leave their service, though so deep involved.

His crimes weighed down his mind, and
melancholy

And self-despair drove him to seek a priest,
Who moved him to true penitence, and wholly
From Satan's bonds at last the man released.
He led him to the Christians' meeting-place,
And Cyprian heard them sing the Psalms of
grace.

He was baptized, and begged that he might keep
The door, and do the lowest offices,
And when fierce persecution came to sweep
The land, he gave his services
To help the martyrs, and with joy endured
All sufferings, and death at last secured.

SEPT. 17

S. Lambert. B. and M. (709)

Neustria, and Burgundy, and wild Austrasia
Were welded into one great monarchy
Called France, and ruled by King Theodoric.

Pepin of Heristal, mayor of the palace,
 Restored the exiled bishops to their sees,
 Among them Lambert, lord of Maestricht.
 Lambert was brave in life e'en as in death.
 He dared to reason with the mighty Pepin
 Against his love for the fair Alpaïde.
 One of her people, with a band of ruffians,
 Attacked the bishop's house, slew the attendants,
 And murdered Lambert as he knelt in prayer,
 His arms extended as it were a cross.

SEPT. 21

S. Matthew

Rising from the seat of custom,
 Through its sordid clouds and dim
 Matthew saw the Lord of glory,
 And left all to follow Him.

SEPT. 22

S. Maurice

(286)

O glorious Theban legion
 For valor and for might!
 With Maurice for their leader,
 Their fame was ever bright.
 "Cæsar, we are thy soldiers,"
 He said, "but we likewise
 Are soldiers of Christ Jesus,
 And owe to Him our lives.
 Against the tribes barbarian
 We follow thee to death,
 But we will suffer all things
 Not to renounce our faith."
 The emperor gave orders
 The rest should hem them round,
 And massacre the legion
 Till none were left on ground.

SEPT. 26

St. Cyprian. Abp. (258)

In Carthage Cyprian lived in gay estate,
Son of a senator, and rich and great.
The world filled all his mind and every thought,
Until he met a Christian priest, who sought
To show him how the heavenly joys excel
All happiness that here on earth can dwell.
Learned and full of power, soon he came
To be the bishop. Persecution's flame
Drove him to exile, that he still might care
For the young Church's growth and best welfare.

But when another edict came from Rome,
At last he joyful hastened to his home.
The clamor in the market-place ran high,
And "Cyprian to the lions!" was the cry.
The stern proconsul said, "The laws command
That you should pay what Roman rites demand."

"I cannot," Cyprian answered, and was doomed
To be beheaded. Calmly he resumed
His treatise on Novatus the schismatic.
Led out to die, he put off his dalmatic,
Tied his own handkerchief about his eyes,
And gave his soul to God, in heaven to rise.

SEPT. 27

SS. Cosmo and Damian (About 303)

For love of God and charity
Cosmo and Damian plied
Their art of skilful surgery
And medicine beside.
They took no recompense or fee,
But treated all men equally.

They did not to sick animals
Refuse to give their aid,
No pestilence their zeal could daunt,
No plague make them afraid.
And so they spent their useful days,
In helping men and in God's praise.

At length the Emperor decreed
All Christians should be killed;
And in Cilicia, where they lived,
Much blood of saints was spilled.
Cosmo and Damian were seized,
And death at last their souls released.

SEPT. 29

S. Michael and All Angels

Holy Angels guard around us,
Sent to comfort and defend,
With their radiant wings surround us,
Shield and warn us to the end.

SEPT. 30

S. Jerome

(420)

St. Jerome labored at his task,
The Vulgate version for the world;
While, waiting what his help might ask,
With giant tawny length uncurled,
His lion lay along his side,
In Bethlehem's grot so dark and cold,
Where Christ was born at Christmas-tide,
The Shepherd of the earth's great fold.

OCT. 1

S. Remigius. Abp.

(583)

In Laon's castle was Remigius born.

Learning, and piety, and eloquence,
And soft persuasive art, came to adorn

His childhood, and high-souled benevolence.
These were his gifts, and ever with him grew.
When he had reached the age of twenty-two,
They made him bishop of the mighty see
Of Rheims, that reached far as his charity.

Clovis was King of Gaul. His Christian queen
Sought to convert him, but in vain, till he,
Fighting the savage hordes that swept between
His borderlands, cried, in his agony:
"God of Clotildis! give me victory!
And I will be baptized, and serve Thee now."
The tide of battle turned, and Clovis kept his
vow.

Remigius said to him: "Bow meekly down,
Great prince. Burn what you have adored,
Adore what you have burned, and serve the
Lord."

Clovis securely wore his kingdom's crown.
Remigius lived to great old age, and still
Worked to convert the heathen to Heaven's will.

OCT. 4

S. Francis

(1226)

St. Francis loved all earthly things,
He knew not scorn nor hate,
He walked with courtesy among
His fellows small and great,
He loved his lady Poverty,
Nor cared for high estate.

The quail fled to his breast for aid
From hunter with his horn,
The wild wolf laid his fierceness down
Like any lamb new-born,
And followed meekly on the saint
His triumph to adorn.

Oh, good St. Francis! you were born
In Raphael's lovely land,
In Umbria, where the mountains fold
Around on every hand,
And far and wide the landscape smiles
In grace and beauty planned.

OCT. 6

S. Faith. V. and M.

St. Faith, a beauteous maid of Aquitaine,
Refused to sacrifice in Dian's fane.
They martyred her, and she rejoiced to die,
Shedding her blood for Christ's sake willingly.

OCT. 6

S. Bruno

(1101)

In the Baths of Diocletian,
Where great Michael Angelo
Raised a church with noble arches
To Our Lady pure as snow,

There beneath the marble arches
Stands a statue of a saint,
Bruno, head of the Carthusians,
One who dreaded worldly taint.

There he stands in contemplation,
Quiet and absorbed his air,
He who gave his life to silence
And to solitude and prayer.

In the desert wild and lonely,
Called the great Chartreuse, he lived.
No reform his order only
Needed, and it none received.

Drawn apart from worldly commerce,
Quiet was his only aim,
Learned though he was, and teacher
In the school from which he came.

When Pope Urban, who had studied
Under Bruno in his school,
Sent for him to aid and counsel,
Then his convent missed his rule.

All austerity was pleasure,
Desert was a Paradise
Under such a guide and master,
While his presence blessed their eyes.

Bruno strove to reassure them,
But they would no comfort take,
Said they never would be parted,
But would follow for his sake.

So to Rome they journeyed with him,
But in city air they pined,
Till the Pope at last consented
They should some retirement find.

To Calabria's roughest mountains,
Into solitude they passed.
Nevermore their native country
Saw them turning home at last.

OCT. 9

S. Denys. B. and M. (272)

St. Denys brought the Gospel into Gaul.
He was the Areopagite whom Paul
Converted in Corinthian land, and sent
To preach the Gospel everywhere he went.

They hasted on their way,
The missionary bands,
Bearing the precious seed
To scatter through the lands.

They planted every Church,
Strengthened it till it stood,
They tended it with care,
And watered with their blood.

They knew their certain fate
Was pain and fire and sword,
Embraced with joy the Cross,
And went to meet their Lord.

They lived to spread the Word,
They died to follow Christ,
All else was nothing worth,
His love alone sufficed.

OCT. 13

Translation of King Edward Confessor

(1163)

Long exile from his land, to escape the Danes,
Taught Edward lessons of humility.
His life was spotless, and he gave great alms,
Cared only for religion and the chase.
He codified the laws. His only war
Was to put down Macbeth, and bring back
Malcolm.

Last of the Saxon kings, he built the abbey
Of great Westminster. Henry Third rebuilt it,
And then translated the Confessor's body
From the plain coffin placed before the altar
To the great, beauteous shrine, that still is
standing,
The pavement all around it worn and hollowed
By knees of pilgrims who came there to pray.

Oct. 15

S. Teresa

(1582)

A Spanish gentleman in Avila
Had a young daughter named Teresa Sanchez.
When she was seven years old, one summer day,
She and her little brother started out,
Babes in the Wood, to seek the Moorish land,
Where they might die as martyrs for the faith.
Their parents sought for them in fear and terror,
And brought them back, to be laughed at and
scolded.

Teresa soon became a nun, then abbess,
Ruling her many convents well and wisely,
For sense and wit and humor marked her out
A leader of her kind, and all the ardor
Of Southern climes glowed in her burning heart.
When in Toledo she would found a convent,
She was opposed by all, and had no money
Except five ducats to begin her building.
She said: "Indeed, Teresa and these ducats
Are nought and less than nothing, for this task.
But God, Teresa, and these same poor ducats
Are all sufficient for accomplishment."

Her merry heart sustained her through long
sickness,
Until old age approached at last, and sent her
To find all joy within the Promised Land.

Oct. 17

S. Etheldreda. Virg.

(679)

Daughter of East Anglian King
And a sainted mother,
With three sisters who were saints,
She must be another.
Married twice, and yet a maid,
Nun and abbess undismayed,
In the isle of Ely she
Lived in great humility.

Oct. 18

St. Luke

Luke, the loved physician, bore
Titles to our love a score:
Scribe, Evangelist, and friend,
Paul's companion to the end;
Skilled and faithful in his art,
Choosing still the better part.
High amidst the glorious band
Where the Gospel-bearers stand,
They whose voice all lands have heard,
And the world's ends have known their word.

Oct. 21

S. Ursula. V.M.

Princess with long golden hair,
Ursula was wise as fair,
Born in rocky Brittany,
Close beside the stormy sea.
When the King of England's son
Sued to gain her hand alone,
All the rest were left to moan,
Conon was the favored one.
"He shall be my husband-brother,"
She declared, "and never other.
But he must three wishes grant,
He must give me what I want.
First, he must a Christian be;
Next, must find a company,
Many maids of high degree,
All to wait on him and me.
Last, for three years we must go
Here on pilgrimage below
And in Rome the saintly shrines
Visit, as my heart inclines."

Ursula had visions bright:
Angels came to her by night,
Told her what must come to pass,
Showed her all as in a glass.
When she traveled on her way,
With her maidens in array,
Angels went before to guide,
Pushed the obstacles aside,
Smoothed the roads and bridged the streams,
Pitched the tents for nightly dreams.
Angels steered the ships, and spread
All the sails of linen thread,
Pulled the ropes to catch the wind,
When they left the land behind.
Angels told her of her death.
At Cologne, and for the faith,
Ruthless Huns would on them fall,
Massacre them one and all.
Now in heaven they all rejoice,
Sing to God with joyful voice,
Separated nevermore,
Sorrow gone and danger o'er.

Oct. 25

S. Crispin. Mart. (287)

Crispin and Crispianus, born in Rome
Of noble race, full early left their home,
And preached the faith in Soissons, far in Gaul.
Following the precept of the Apostle Paul,
They worked with hand at making shoes by
night,
That charges for their living should not light
On the poor brethren. Soon the governor found
That they were Christians, and he had them
bound,
And brought before his seat, and gave command
That they should be beheaded, with their band.

Oct. 28

SS. Simon and Jude

Two by two the Master sent
His disciples as they went
Through the villages to teach,
And the coming Kingdom preach.
Nothing then did they provide,
Cloak, nor wallet at their side,
Sword for hand nor shoes for feet,
Workmen worthy of their meat.

Nov. 1

All Saints

A mighty host is gazing on our fight,
The saints of every age with us unite.

Nov. 2

All Souls

For the souls of the departed may there be an
endless rest,
With the Beatific Vision may they evermore be
blest,
“May St. Michael, banner-bearer,” bring them
to the Holy Light,
May they pass to life eternal out of death and
out of night.

Nov. 3

S. Hubert. Bp. of Liège

(727)

All day had Hubert hunted, and the night
Found him exhausted, far from any light.
A youthful pagan, he had spurned the priest,
He only cared for hunting and the feast,
Yet he was good and kind when at his best.

Now, in deep forest, strange and dark as well,
The track he followed still; as evening fell
He found it leading onward to a dell
Walled-in by rocks and trees in every way.
There, on a hillock small, as Hubert rode,
Pushing the branches from their thick abode,
The stag he long had followed stood at bay.
As Hubert neared him, arrow poised on string,
The moon rose, and he saw a wondrous thing,
For there, between the branching antlers high,
A cross was planted, brighter than the sky.
In trembling awe the horse and rider stood,
And the dogs whined and halted in the wood,
While a Voice said: "O Hubert, thou hast been
A loyal huntsman. Be My hunter now.
Henceforth leave all things, and go hunt for
men."

It is well known how Hubert was not slow
To seek, as best he might, a hermit good,
Who could baptize him, and who understood
To train him as a missionary, sent
To all the tribes who there had pitched their tent.
At this blest work he labored far and wide,
Till he grew old, and when at last he died,
They buried him within the forest-side.

Nov. 6

S. Leonard, Confessor

(6th century. 53)

From the French court the noble Leonard came
To hear Remigius preach, and straight the flame
Of heavenly love enkindled all his heart,
Mingled with fear of Satan's poisoned dart.
He fled the world, choosing a hermitage
In woods exposed to all the wild beasts' rage
Rather than worldly vices, laying snares
To trap men's soul and catch it unawares.

Often indignant pity stirred his mind,
And prisoners and captives he would find,
Visit them in their cells, and dress, and bind
Their wounds, and strive to win their sinful
 hearts,
Then beg their ransom through the country-
 parts.
Many he rescued, and once more made whole,
Before his happy death set free his soul.

Nov. 11

S. Martin. B. and C. (397)

A Christian soldier, Martin gave
All that he had, all he could save
To help the wretched and the poor.
One day he met, at Amiens' door,
As he rode out, a beggar old,
Ragged, and shivering with the cold.
St. Martin's money had all gone,
Armor and clothes were left alone.
He took his sword, and with one stroke
Severed in twain his tribune's cloak.
One half he to the beggar gave,
The other for himself to save.
His comrades jeered, but in the night
St. Martin dreamed a vision bright.
He saw the Saviour walk in light,
And round about his shoulders wear
The cloak that was the beggar's share.
And then he heard a Voice declare:
"This cloak has Martin given Me,
Poor catechumen though he be."
Martin from warfare sought release,
And came to Hilary in peace,
Living beneath his rule until
They made him, much against his will,
Bishop of Tours. Near Tours he died,
In love and honor sanctified.

Nov. 13

S. Britius or Brice. Bp.

(444)

Native of Tours, a man of sloth and pride,
Britius became a Christian, laid aside
His former self, and came in time to be
Successor of St. Martin in his see.
Base slander dogged his steps. The people rose,
And drove him into exile, till his foes
Were conquered by his constant patience,
His only weapon and his sole defense.
Then he returned in triumph to his see,
There long to rule in great humility.

Nov. 15

S. Machutus. Bp.

(565)

Three countries own Machutus; he was born
In England, and he crossed the Channel sea
To Ireland, there to study and to learn,
And be prepared for life and ministry.
They wished to make him bishop, and he fled,
Fearing he was not worthy. Then he passed
Into the land of France, and hid his head
In hermitage, to weep and pray and fast.
There he was found, and bishop made at last.

Nov. 17

S. Hugh. Bp.

(1200)

'Twas France gave Hugh to England. Many
years
A monk in the Chartreuse, his fame had grown
For prudence and for sanctity. The King,
Henry the Second, founded at old Witham
The first Cistercian house in all his realm,
And sent to France for Hugh to be its prior.

Bishop of Lincoln afterwards, Hugh finished
The great Cathedral, adding to its beauty.
But once a year he still retired to Witham,
Which he had helped to build with his own hands.
St. Hugh was ever affable and cheerful,
But firm against oppressors of the poor.
The King wrote to him asking for a prebend
For one of his own courtiers. Hugh replied:
"This office is for clerks and not for courtiers.
The King has means, and can reward his
servants."

Henry in anger, when they met, reproached him.
The bishop said, with grave, sweet countenance,
That his regard had been but for God's service,
And for the King's own soul, which incurred
danger,

If evil went unpunished, and Church office
Should be bestowed on anyone unworthy.
The King's heart melted, and he begged
forgiveness.

Hugh died in London on return from France,
Where he was sent on embassy of peace.

Nov. 19

S. Elisabeth. III.

(1231)

Elisabeth the Landgravine
Had given her heart away
To Lewis, who far more than life
Had loved her since the day
When first he saw her fairest face,
His ruling star away.

But she had owned a higher Love,
And all her secret soul
Was vowed to heaven and to God,
And for the poor the whole
Of all she owned and all she had
She gave as debt and dole.

Lewis would have her all his own,
It roused his jealous ire

To see her pray so long in Church,
To see her toil and tire
In waiting on the sick and poor,
Walking through flood and mire.

One day he met her on the hill,
In bitter wintry cold,
Her robe so heavy with fresh loaves
That she could scarcely hold
The load she carried for the poor
In largesse manifold.

“What have you there?” he roughly cried,
“What treasure do you bear?”
And lo! a miracle was wrought,
He saw a wonder rare,
Her robe was filled with roses red,
Fragrant beyond compare.

Lewis became like her at last,
His sainted love and wife,
And as crusader, on his way,
Gave up his earthly life.
Elisabeth, with all her brood,
Was left to grief and strife.

Forth from the castle they were driven
And forced to beg their bread,
They wandered helpless to and fro,
Scarce shelter for their head.
Until the barons rescued her,
She was full sore bested.

Nov. 20

S. Edmund. K. and M. (870)

The boy-king Edmund governed well his realm,
East Anglia flourished all the while he ruled,
For he was just, and kind to every soul,
Used his own eyes and ears to judge, and
schooled

Self first of all most humbly. That he might
 Learn the whole Psalter (like full many a wight
 At work or on a journey to recite)
 A year he spent, retired within his tower
 At Hunston, conning his book o'er and o'er.
 When he was twenty-nine, then came the Danes,
 Across the sea, from out their northern lair,
 Harrying the country-side, and carrying flames
 And massacre and murder everywhere.
 They broke their treaties, and burnt Thetford
 town,
 With ruthless slaughter striking all men down.
 King Edmund raised what forces he could bring,
 But the Danes routed them, and took the King.
 Edmund refused all terms that they would give,
 All that could harm religion or the realm.
 The fierce barbarians swore he should not live.
 They tied his hands, and bound him to an elm,
 And used him as a target to o'erwhelm
 With clouds of arrows, till he could not stand.
 He died, as he had lived, for his own native land.

Nov. 22

S. Cecilia

(230)

All amidst the organ music,
 In her heart to God above
 Sang Cecilia, ever saying:
 "Make my heart so pure with love,
 That all dark and low confusion,
 Fear and sin may far remove."

Breviary.

Nov. 23

St. Clement. (1st Pope) (100)

Blest is the servant whom his Lord shall find
 Watching for his returning face;
 He shall most truly please his master's mind.
 And over all his goods be set in place.

Breviary.

Nov. 25

St. Catherine. V. and M.

A princess fair in Alexandria dwelt;
Learned she was and beautiful. A belt
Of praise and honor gathered round her name,
And held her shrined as in a golden frame.
But she became a Christian, and laid down
Riches and honor and her earthly crown,
For love of Christ, her glorious heavenly Lord,
Whom all her soul most worshiped and adored.
They brought wise doctors with her to dispute,
But Catherine's wisdom could them all confute.
Then to the Roman magistrate they led
The princess. 'Twas decreed that she should die.
And she, her eyes fixed on the brightening sky,
Went to the grave as to her wedding-bed.

Nov. 30

S. Andrew

One of the two who followed on the Lord
Was Andrew, Peter's brother; and he heard
And joyfully obeyed his Master's word:
"Go forth and preach." Oh! blessed are the
feet
Of them that bring good tidings of great peace!
Mountains and vales the message glad repeat.

Dec. 3

S. Francis Xavier (1550)

In the heart of far Japan
Christians can be sought,
Holding fast the treasured faith
Francis Xavier taught,
By the generations since
Through the ages brought.

Francis left his pleasant life,
Cast it all aside,
Sick of riches, chose instead
Poverty for bride,
Gave his heart and all to Christ,
Who for him had died.

John, the King of Portugal,
Wished the faith to plant
In the Indies, and he prayed
Loyola to grant
Missionaries who would go,
Answering his want.

Francis passed to Travancore,
To Malacca far,
Goa, and the wild Pearl Coast,
Japan, and Malabar;
He would enter China, but
Death the way did bar.

Through the streets of Goa he
Walked with bell in hand,
Summoning the slaves to come,
All the children band,
To be catechized, and learn
Christ to understand.

Heavenly consolations poured
Such abundant store
In his breast, he often cried,
"Enough, Lord! no more!"
Suffering for Christ, he said,
Sweetness had at core;
Life without a cross was sad,
Worse than death, and more.

DEC. 6

S. Nicholas. Bp.

(342)

The Lycian abbot Nicholas one day
Heard that three maidens in great danger lay,
Because their father could no dowry pay.

He came by night, when all was dark and cold,
And through the window cast three bags of gold,
Making three joyous brides, when all is told.
His heart was full of pity, quickly stirred
For all the young, and every cry he heard.
Three little murdered boys he once restored
To life again, so the old tales record.
And in their danger many a shipwrecked crew
Called on his name, and heavenly succor knew.
He was the patron of serf, slave, and child,
Of mariners and tradesmen, and he smiled
On all the weak, oppressed, assailed, beguiled.

DEC. 8

Conception of Virgin Mary

Blessed thou above all women,
Mary, Mother of our Lord,
Set apart from all creation
To be bearer of the Word.

White as snow shall be thy garments,
And thy beauty like the sun,
Like an army with its banners,
Dazzling sight of every one.

Lifted up and high exalted,
Greatest in humility,
Swords shall pierce thy faithful bosom,
Yet thou shalt God's triumph see.

DEC. 13

S. Lucy. Virg. and M. (304)

Lucy of Syracuse was fain to give
Her fortune to the poor, that she might live
The heavenly life alone. Her angry lover
Denounced her, that the prefect might discover
She was a Christian. For the holy faith
She joyed to suffer prison, wounds, and death.

Light of the world, lending Thy children light,
Thou that dost make the darkest places bright,
Shine through these worldly mists, cause us to
see
With all Thy saints, the true felicity!

DEC. 16

Ⓢ Sapientia

(Beginning of an anthem in the Latin Service sung from
this day to Christmas Eve.)

O holy Wisdom, thou who didst proceed
From mouth of highest God! we feel our need.
Thou dost from end to end inspire thy strength,
Sweetly disposing all things. Oh, at length,
Come to our help, descend and teach us here,
And make the way of heavenly prudence clear.

Roman Breviary.

DEC. 22

St. Thomas

The Lord rebuked not Thomas
For what He heard him say,
But bade the Apostle touch Him,
And cast his doubts away.

DEC. 25

Christmas

The little Jesus in His crib,
Nothing did He refuse,
Cold, poverty, or nakedness,
So did His Father choose;
And comforts He did not despise
From Mother's hand and Mother's eyes.
Then so should we, His children, live,
Receiving all that Heaven may give.

St. Francis de Sales.

DEC. 26

St. Stephen

St. Stephen knelt: the stones had struck him
down.

Above his head the parted clouds revealed
His risen Lord who held a shining crown
For the first martyr who his faith had sealed.

DEC. 27

St. John

He whom the Master loved, he clearest saw
His Master's doctrine and his Master's law;
Through mist and cloud could see, with eagle eye,
The things of spirit beyond things near by.
On Patmos isle in vision as he lay,
For him the earth and heavens rolled away.
Fiery as Peter's self, yet he could be
As gentle as the child at Jesus' knee.

DEC. 28

Holy Innocents

So short a time on earth,
They knew no sin,
Sent forth from heaven's gate,
Called back within.

DEC. 31

S. Sylvester. Bishop (335)

Oh, fair and blessed sight,
A good and wise old age!
Its gentle peace and light
Still better joys presage,

It smiles on childhood's play,
It cools the fevered youth,
And for man's troubled day
Has sympathy and truth.

All other ages come
And gather round its feet,
It blesses hearth and home,
And all whom it may meet.

Still greater light it gives,
And more of blessing brings,
When in God's Church it lives,
With sight of heavenly things.

So Pope Sylvester saw
The victory of the Cross,
When Constantine's new law
Healed all the Church's loss.

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